

The Crucified

"One Demon To Another"

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"silence!" said the demon to the other as they circled,
"the young boy is trying to think.

The final thoughts course through his mind even now
as we speak."

"no!" the other cried, "I want him now, let's pick this
fruit while it's ripe!"

They faced each other and smiled.

"let's wait a little while, he's ours, let's take our time."

Donald felt a chill crawling up and down his spine
Like a once warm vein gone cold
He could feel an icy breeze, but no wind was shaking
the trees

From where the breeze came donald did not know
So he tried to shake the cold

Thinking back an hour ago to a decision he had made:
There would be no Christ in his precious little life
This decision he would take beyond his grave

The world went black
Donald couldn't breath and his face turned a sickening
blue grasping for sight
He saw something in the night and around him two
images flew

Slowly gettting clearer he could see them getting
nearer

Donald screaming as they spat in his face:

"welcome to hell

We'll be with you shortly

For now, the abiding place..."

There is more to the story
But really don't you worry, donald's fate is surely
sealed

He chose to stand alone, to stand upon his own
But now the truth he'll find too real

You see we all have to choose

You follow God, or follow you

Donald chose to chase his pleasures from the start
To ride atop the world, no help, no God, just him
But the ride was cut short by a speeding car...

Anyone else want a ride?

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